Upshot
GRAPHICS

PART 2 OF A
4-PART SERIES

$2.00
($2.85 in Canada)

JAN STRNAD & DENNIS FUJITAKE

FLESH & BONES

FEATURING

Dalgoda

FLESH & BONES

Jan Strnad, writer
Dennis Fujitake, artist
Mark Wheatley and Kathryn Mayer, colorists
Carrie Spiegle, letterer

THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA

Alan Moore, writer
Steve Parkhouse, artist
Kenneth Smith, colorist

Dale Crain, art director
Kevin Nowlan, logo and cover design
Kim Thompson, production manager
Julie Strnad, circulation director
Inez M. Selleck, typesetter

Printed in the U.S.A. by Dixon Publishing
Color Separations by S*M Graphics

Events to Date:

Dalgoda has embarked on a mission to the planet **Demmeon**, the source of all knowledge about the mysterious dimension of sub-space.

On Demmeon, he hopes to find some clue to lead him to his people, the Canidans, who fled Canida through sub-space when attacked by the overwhelmingly powerful **Nimp armada**.

The installment of "The BoJeffries Saga" appearing this issue was originally published in black and white in the British magazine *Warrior* #13, Oct, 1983.

Flesh and Bones #2 is published by the Upshot Graphics division of Fantagraphics Books, Inc., 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301, Gary Groth and Kim Thompson, publishers.
Flesh and Bones is copyright ©1986 Jan Strnad and Dennis Fujitake. "The BoJeffries Saga" is copyright © 1986 Alan Moore and Steve Parkhouse. "The Gods of Comics" text series is © 1986 Heidi MacDonald. Any similarity between names, characters, persons, institutions in *Flesh and Bones* and "The BoJeffries Saga," and those of any real persons or institutions is purely coincidental.

NO! I won't go! You can't MAKE me go!
Stark... please! listen to reason...!
You listen! I tell you, I am not having hallucinations! I saw angels!
II·C
II·D
I couldn't blame Dal for leaping to the obvious conclusion—it sounded like sub-space psychosis even to ME. but Dal hadn't seen them... he hadn't felt them touch his SOUL.
Stark, we both know what prolonged submersion in sub-space can do to a person's perceptions!
I think you should just talk with the doctor and...
NO! That isn't it! You're wrong, Dal!

I don't need doctoring. I need...advice. I want to see Reverend Cole!
Okay, Stark, okay. I'll tell him. Will you lie down here and wait?
Yes. All right...
...but I really did see angels, Dal. They spoke to me. For the sake of the mission, you have to believe that!
Well, that's Reverend Cole's department, isn't it? We'll see what he says.
Thank you, Dal. You won't...
...you won't tell him I'm crazy, will you?
Of course not.
How is she, Captain?
She's resting. It's too bad, though...
STARK
You'll have to take her back to the Biosphere when we're finished on Demmeon. Short sub-space hops all the way.
We can't have her seeing any more "angels."
2

Thank you for coming, Reverend. I'm sure Dal briefed you on my "hallucination."
He said you'd been visited by angels. Is that true?
Yes, I know – it sounds like *The Song of Bernadette*. But it's true.
And I've never seen anything so lovely in all my life.
I'm sorry I missed it. But... you were the only one to see them, weren't you?
Yes. We were making the last sub-space hop on our way to Demmeon. We'd been 'submerged' for about twelve hours...
Getting *nervous*, Dal?
A little. Demmeon was the *source* of all our knowledge about sub-space. I feel like...well...
I guess it's like *you* making a pilgrimage to Mecca.
Hmm. More like a trip back to the old *Vo-Tech* school.
Gunner and Dal's voices droned on around me but I could hardly hear them. A *ringing* filled my ears...
STARK
...a resonance – like the pure, full singing of church bells.
3

And then I felt a chill...an awakening... the sudden, frightening arousal of a sense I never knew I had!
Oh...my God!
Captain! Look! Aren't... aren't they beautiful?
What is it, Stark? What's the matter?
STARK
Nothing's the matter! They look just like I always knew they would!
Who? Stark– there's no one there!
But they were there! Tiny and fairylike... ethereal...and so full of life! So happy!
The angels, Dal! They're trying to tell us something! I...I can't quite make out what they're saying...!
It's sub-space psychosis– you're imagining things! Try to get hold of yourself!
STARK
Gunner–calm her down! I've got to de-warp us!
Take it easy, Stark! Everything's okay!
Of course everything's okay! If you two would quit pawing at me....!
41

Yes? I know you're trying to tell me something, but I can't...
Stark-please! sit down!
Will you *let go* of me? I'm *trying* to *talk* to them!
I'm asking you *nicely*, Stark...!
I said... *LET GO!*
Oooof!
PFFTT
(gasp) She's not (wheeze) cooperating, Dal...
Get her back in her chair, Gunner. As soon as I make sure we don't de-warp in the middle of a planet. I'm taking us *out* of here!
Hear that, Stark? We're de-warping! Now are you...
Damn it, Gunner! I *told* you...!
5

...to keep your hands OFF me!
SOCK
Now, tell me again...you want to do what?
That does it.
Like my old Dad used to say—If you can't talk 'em down...
POW
...knock 'em down!
De-warping!
Lady

I see you got her settled down.
Yeah. I've got the gentle touch, all right.
Gentle? I hope you didn't fracture her jaw! How does she seem otherwise?
Still woozy. I don't think she's hallucinating anymore, though.
STARK
All...gone. All the beautiful little angels...gone.
All but one....!
All but one!
MAN OF GOD
You mean... there's still one on the ship?
That's great. I'd like very much to meet an angel.
Maybe you will, Reverend.
7

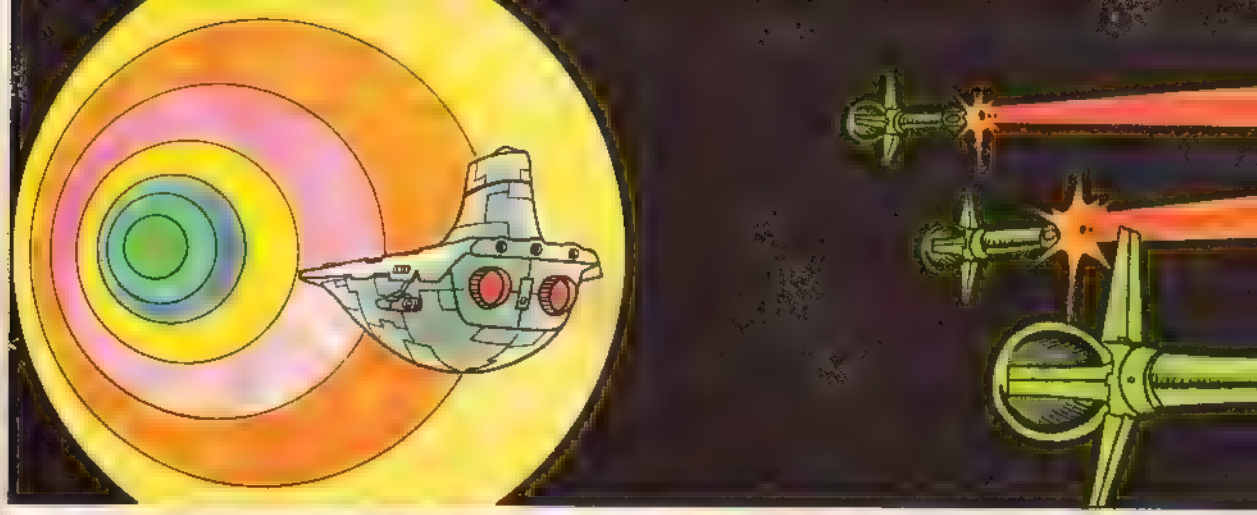
Hm. Tell me, Judith— are you still bothered by those dreams?
Every time I close my eyes. I even had one while I was waiting for you....!
It was...the most disturbing one yet. I'm embarrassed to tell it.
Dal and I are in church... sitting in the back pew. Dal was dressed like my father used to dress for church...
The thing is...I'm just a little girl. Okay—obvious father figure stuff, right? But then...
...right in the middle of 'The Little Brown Church in the Vale,' he winks at me.

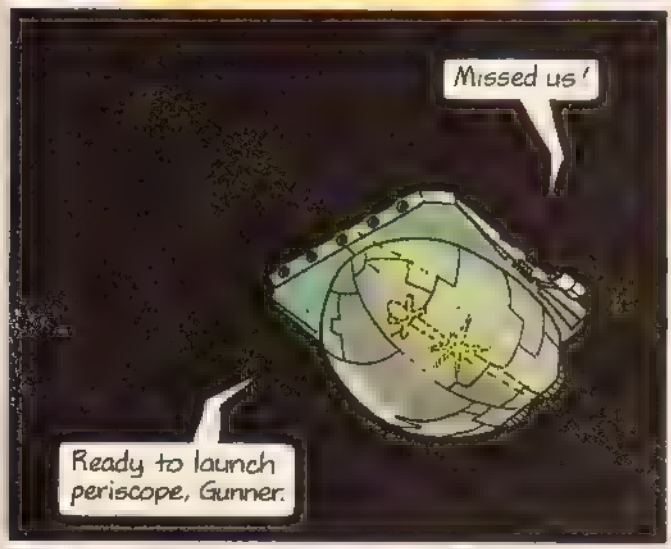
The next thing I know I'm in his lap, teasing him and pulling at his tie . loosening it!
Then we're making love I'm a grown-up woman now, thank heavens! But still. ..!
Well, anyway - there's this sound above us .. like the flapping of wings.
Dal looks up
..and it's the archangel Michael hovering over us with his flaming sword! I can feel his wrath!

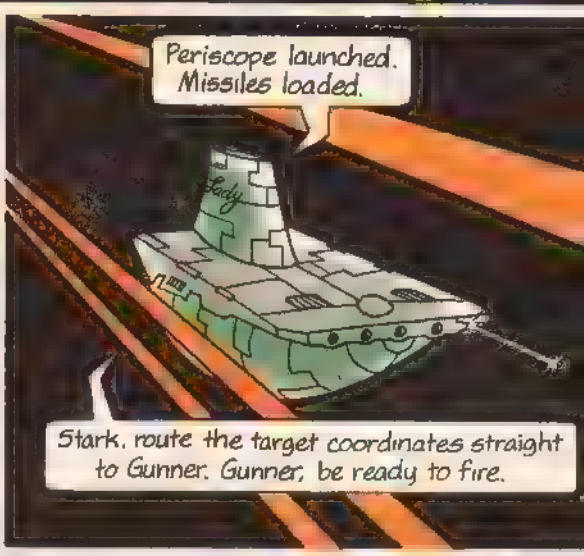
"Of course he chases us from the garden..."
"I thought you were in a church"
"We were. It's a garden now."
"The snake laughed at us."
ZAP!
"...but he got what was coming to him"
PUFF!
And so ends another thrilling episode of The Favorite Bible Stories of Sigmund Freud...
...as told by Judith Stark, who claims to converse with angels...
...and then wonders why no one believes her.
Well, genuine celestial visitations are rare enough to warrant skepticism...whatever the source.

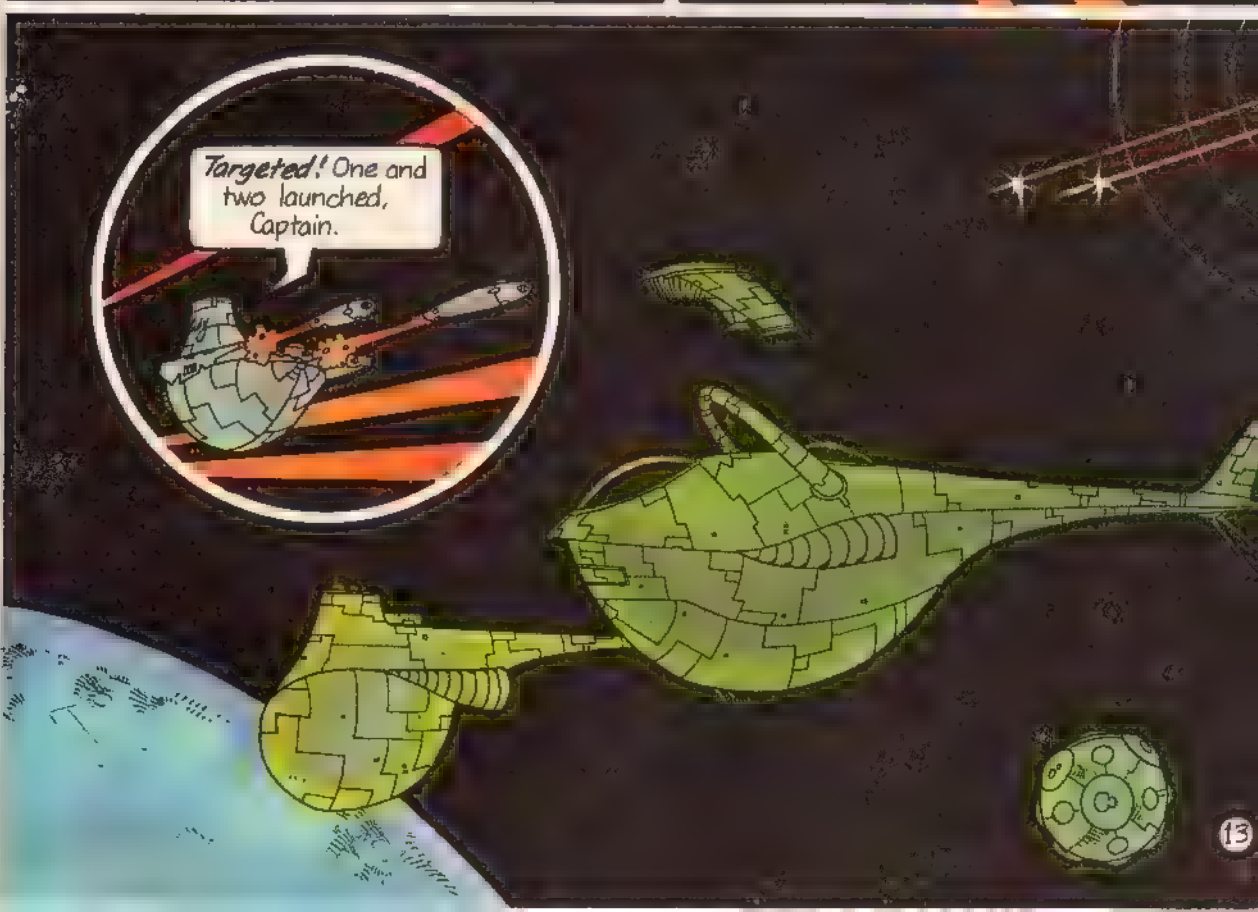
Going back to your dream—you noticed the confusion between your father and Dalgoda, I'm sure
Two authority figures. That's understandable.
True. But also...two proscribed sexual figures. Tell me, Judith...
When you were a girl, did your father...?
My father was a very moral man, Reverend. Anything he did was more my fault than his.
You were a child...he was a grown man. How could it have been your fault?
You should understand, Judith—it's common for abused children to feel guilty about what was done to them, as if they were somehow at fault.
That guilt is often carried over into adulthood...
Listen! Red alert!
They need me on the bridge!
They'll just have to get by without you. You need to rest.
WAH-WAH-WAH-WA
And have Dal think I'm unreliable? No way!
Definitely smitten.
11

Stark! Shouldn't you be in your...?
No I shouldn't. What's the trouble, Captain?
Lady
A forward scan of Demmeon shows three Nimp warships in close orbit around the planet.
Securing Demmeon for our own operations means taking out those ships!
If they detected our scan we can expect their greetings any second now....!
In-coming missiles, Dal!
STARK!
Sub-spatial orbit of Demmeon plotted, Captain.
We're warping.
12




Missed us!
Ready to launch periscope, Gunner.


Periscope launched. Missiles loaded.
Lady
Stark, route the target coordinates straight to Gunner. Gunner, be ready to fire.


Targeted! One and two launched, Captain.

'Scope says we got him. Missiles three and four launched.

EZU!
The last ships running, Captain.
It'll outrun the torpedos!
No problem We'll head 'em off at the pass!

!צ'דהרט
!?הרי רכל
!!?הלו
...לא

All three ships destroyed, Captain. We're de-warping
Congratulations, Gunner! The 'scope and torpedos worked great!
Like shooting Nimp in a barrel, wasn't it?
Excuse me, Captain. If the crisis is over, I'd like to go back to my quarters...
I...guess I'm more tired than I thought.
Oh...certainly...
Good job, Stark! You know--it was your targeting that made it all....!
Yes. Thank you.
T WAS A GOOD JOB. NOW WE'RE CLEAR TO PROCEED ON OUR M SS ON.
I don't want to hear about it. My head's bursting. It's...too full.

YOU HAVE TO BE THERE WHEN THEY SELECT A LANDING PARTY. INSIST ON GOING ALONG.
I don't want to go anywhere. I'm tired. I just want to sleep. I want to sleep forever.
YOU'RE UPSET BY WHAT THE REVEREND SAID.
Shouldn't I be? I'm not used to thinking of my father as a child molester.
It was easier putting the blame on myself. And I can't stop thinking about Dal...!
Even in the heat of the battle... just being in the same room with him...!
My father had a fit when I went to the movies with a Negro! Dal and I aren't even the same species!
Lady
YOUR FATHER'S DEAD, JUDITH. HE CAN'T TOUCH YOU NOW.
You chose the wrong person for your mission, Angel. I'm too full of crap. I'm too confused.
I wish I'd never let you in! I wish I'd never seen you.
Stark?
It's been a rough trip for you. Give me your hand. Let me take you back to your quarters.
Oh, I'll be fine, Dal...really!
19

It's just my legs. They've gone...all wobbly.
I love you so much, Dal.
You know I'd never do anything to harm you, don't you? No matter what the Angel says!
Of...of course I do! I trust you implicitly, Stark!
I'll be right as rain tomorrow... you'll see.
A good night's rest is all I need, and I'll be back in the pink.
I'm sure you will.
I'll wake you late tomorrow. We'll have lunch together.
That'll be... lovely...

Goodnight, Stark.
Gods! What I have gotten myself into?
Dal! Wait'll you see THIS!
SHHH!
We just picked up a message from Demmeon! Read it!
Well quit waving it about! Hold it still!
Enjoyed the fireworks.
That's it? "Enjoyed the fireworks?"
Yeah, but Dal old buddy...!
21

...it was broadcast in Canidan!
Those are your people down there!
Gunner, you're a doll! A princess!
MY PEOPLE! I can't believe it!
WHOOF!
You'd better believe it...or you just cracked three of my ribs for nothing.
How many? Did you scan?
Of course I scanned! Narrow beam, traced to point of origin...
It was just a few—twenty or so. But...
But they can lead me to the rest...to HOME!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
WWWWWWOOO

The Master of Adventure

By Heidi MacDonald

The world's most well-known comics character has red hair and almost always wears knickers. His graphic albums have been translated into some 31 languages—from Japanese to Welsh to Esperanto. An estimated 70 million copies of his books have been sold worldwide. His adventures have been adapted for movies and cartoons, and his influence on the tradition of European comics cannot be overestimated.

He is of course, Tintin, the creation of Georges Remi (1907-1983)—better known the world over as Hergé. Despite his enormous impact on European comics, the Brussels-born Herge's work remains somewhat obscure and misunderstood in the United States, probably because it is so diametrically opposed to the Kirby influence which dominates American comics. Unlike Jack Kirby and Osamu Tezuka, the other two "Gods of Comics" who were innovators in wide varieties of comics genres and who have personally overshadowed their creations, Hergé had one series and one character who towers above all the rest of his work: Tintin, boy reporter.

Remi's first cartoon work, *Totor, Chef de la Patrouille des Hannetons*, appeared in 1926 in a Belgian boy scout magazine. But 1929 was the fateful year when Hergé created a new serial for *Le Petit XXe*, the Sunday supplement to *Le XXe Siecle*, a Belgian newspaper. The story introduced the intrepid Tintin and his dog Snowy (Milou in the original French) and was later collected in a black-and-white album, entitled "Tintin in the Soviet Union." Though crudely drawn (as were the next three albums, up until *The Blue Lotus*), Tintin was an immediate success, and his popularity continued to grow right up until the outbreak of war, as Hergé's drawing and plotting skills improved.

World War II and the Nazi invasion of Belgium were not easy times for Tintin or his creator. Hergé published four albums during the occupation (including his first color volumes); as a result, he was arrested after the war for collaborating with the enemy. Though Hergé was soon exonerated, this stigma hung over his head for many years. Charges of subliminal racism and colonialism would periodically be aimed at Hergé's work—charges that were, alas, not entirely unfounded.

Still, after the war, Tintin went on to his greatest levels of worldwide success, as witnessed by Charles de Gaulle's oft-quoted remark that Tintin was his only rival in the hearts of French youth.

Encouraged by Tintin's success in Great Britain (as published by Methuen Children's Books Ltd.), the New York-based Golden Press released a half-dozen Tintin albums, aimed at the children's market, as far back as 1959 and 1960. They were not successful, however, and it would take a decade and a half for another American publisher to take a chance on the series. During the '60s, Tintin was kept alive in the U.S. through serializations in *Children's Digest* (where I first made Tintin's acquaintance), but it was through the publishing efforts of Atlantic-Little, Brown, beginning in 1974, that Tintin was finally given a fair chance and met with greater acceptance Still, Tintin's stateside popularity is nowhere near his fame in Europe, where he has attained the status of folk hero—especially in his native Belgium.

Working with a studio of assistants, Hergé continued to oversee the Tintin empire—which is the only word to describe it—until his death in 1983, which was mourned all over the world as the passing of one of Europe's greatest storytellers

Art accompanying this article © 1986 Casterman

The reason for Tintin's success? Pretty simple: well-written, superbly paced stories, exotic settings, imaginative adventures, danger, mystery, delineated with Hergé's famous attention to authenticity, all leavened with broad humor and a gallery of extremely lovable characters. Tintin himself is intelligent, quick, courageous, the epitome of youthful pluck and daring. His faithful sidekick is the white terrier Snowy, whose thoughts, Snoopy-like, are revealed to the reader, while to the characters of the strip his only comment is his characteristic "Whoooooah!"

Captain Haddock is a pipe-smoking, whiskey-loving, blustering-type given to (in the English translations, anyway) continually swearing "Blistering Blue Barnacles" and calling rude people "Bashi-bazouks." The deaf, absent-minded professor, Cuthbert Calculus, produces inventions which often lead Tintin and Haddock into peril. The strip's best known characters these days, however, may be the Thompson Twins, Thompson and Thomson (Dupond and Dupont originally), who lent their name to the English rock group. Hergé's characters are identical detective brothers whose Clouseau-like bumbling and inefficiency often provide a comic counterpoint for the events in the series.

In fact, Hergé took the opportunity to spotlight this cast of characters in one of his last albums, "The Castafiore Emerald," in which he eschewed globe-trotting adventure for a somewhat Agatha Christie-esque mystery, as all the characters, including Bianca Castafiore, the arrogant opera diva who is the strip's only prominent female, gathered at Captain Haddock's estate for a weekend of intrigue—an uncharacteristic story that drew quite a response when it first appeared 25 years ago.

Hergé is often referred to as the father of European comics, though all but the most dedicated American comics fans have to pretty much take that at face value since the work of numerous followers and disciples remains all but unknown here. Nonetheless, Hergé's stylistic influence is a behemoth looming over European cartooning, an influence so pervasive that, much like Kirby's, it can almost be taken for granted.

Perhaps the easiest way of explaining Hergé's impact is by comparing it to Kirby's. While Kirby strives to make the printed page come alive with powerful forces and fantastic energies, Hergé's aim is much simpler: to tell stories as clearly and effectively as possible (a style that was, ironically enough, partly motivated by wartime paper shortages which forced him to tell stories economically.)

Hergé's art is the essence of simplicity—there is no shading, no highlighting, no feathering. Explosions, clouds of dust, sound effects—they are all servants of the

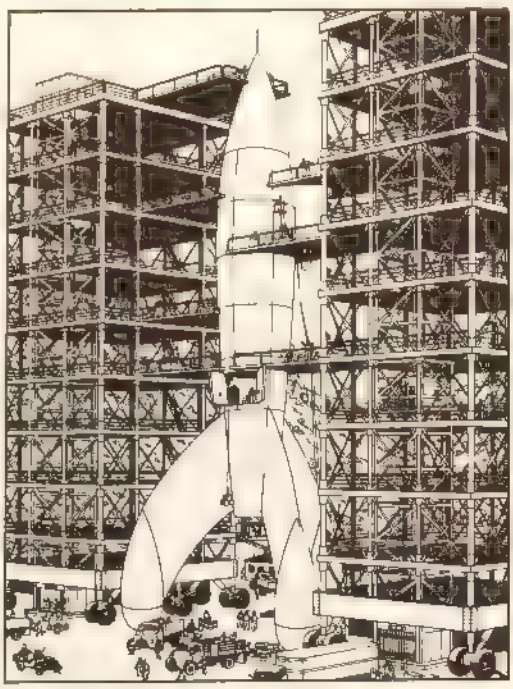
story, rather than ends in themselves, as is so often the case in American comics.

The English language versions of Tintin's adventures have been considerably Anglicized, and, quite frankly, it's hard to imagine that too much has been lost in the translation. Although they range from 1930 to 1976, it doesn't take too much suspension of disbelief to see them taking place in a mythic "recent past." Accuracy in the locales was one of Hergé's passions as his career progressed, and it shows. Tintin is a habitual globe-trotter—going from the Middle East to South America to Tibet to the Moon to the most savage place of all—America!

Storytelling—that is the essence of Hergé's appeal. His comics storytelling is the very apogee of linearity. Every panel follows every other in sequence, each showing the exact amount of action necessary to advance the story that much. As opposed to the ever greater pyrotechnics of American comics, Hergé always shied away from the fantastic. When Tintin went to the Moon, the story seems almost startling by our standards for its subdued nature. There are no mysterious moon men, no fantastic green beings, or anything else, merely a tightly woven, suspenseful, scientifically plausible lunar expedition, so to speak (albeit one threatened by treachery).

Herge's stories satisfy. There is a richness, a texture. One considers the (to American comics) total luxury of his publishing schedule. Rather than being forced to turn out 23 or so pages every month, Herge would only release a book when it was finished. Five and eight years separated his last three albums (this despite a studio full of assistants). No wonder that the arrival of a new Tintin volume was a literary event. (Not that Herge was the only European cartoonist with an enlightened schedule—it's just the way they do things there.)

As I mentioned before, Hergé's influence is hard to see directly in the United States. By now it's mostly invisible. It isn't exactly a drawing style (although there are literal Hergé disciples, by far the best known here being Joost Swarte, the Dutch cartoonist who has also raided the work of George McManus). Hergé's distinctively clean and simple line has had many imitators as well, and the convention of comfortably cartoony characters in realistic backgrounds is standard in Europe.



But still, Hergé's greatest legacy is more an attitude than anything else, an approach to storytelling that demands substance over style. Not that there isn't as much stupid escapist fare in Europe as in America. But the approach is fundamentally different. Whereas Kirby's means justified the ends, Hergé's ends always justified the means. It is hard to say how much Hergé actually invented—his drawing style and choice of genre owe as much to early American comic strips as anything else, after all—but he certainly put the elements of comics storytelling together into a style whose clean, simple perfection has never been surpassed. And that is why he is the European god of comics.

The MIRACLE SQUAD

It's guns, guts, and gangsters galore in this new thrill-packed limited series from *Upshot Graphics*! 1930s Hollywood sets the stage as a devoted team of studio workers—the self-styled *Miracle Squad*—takes on the criminal scum who murdered their boss!

Available at comic book shops and by subscription only!

A 4-part series by JOHN WOOLEY and TERRY TIDWELL

Upshot GRAPHICS

Order your first issue today!

OR. . . save money and get a 4-issue subscription to the first, complete *Miracle Squad* adventure!

☐ I enclose $2.00 plus 50¢ postage for a copy of *The Miracle Squad* #1!

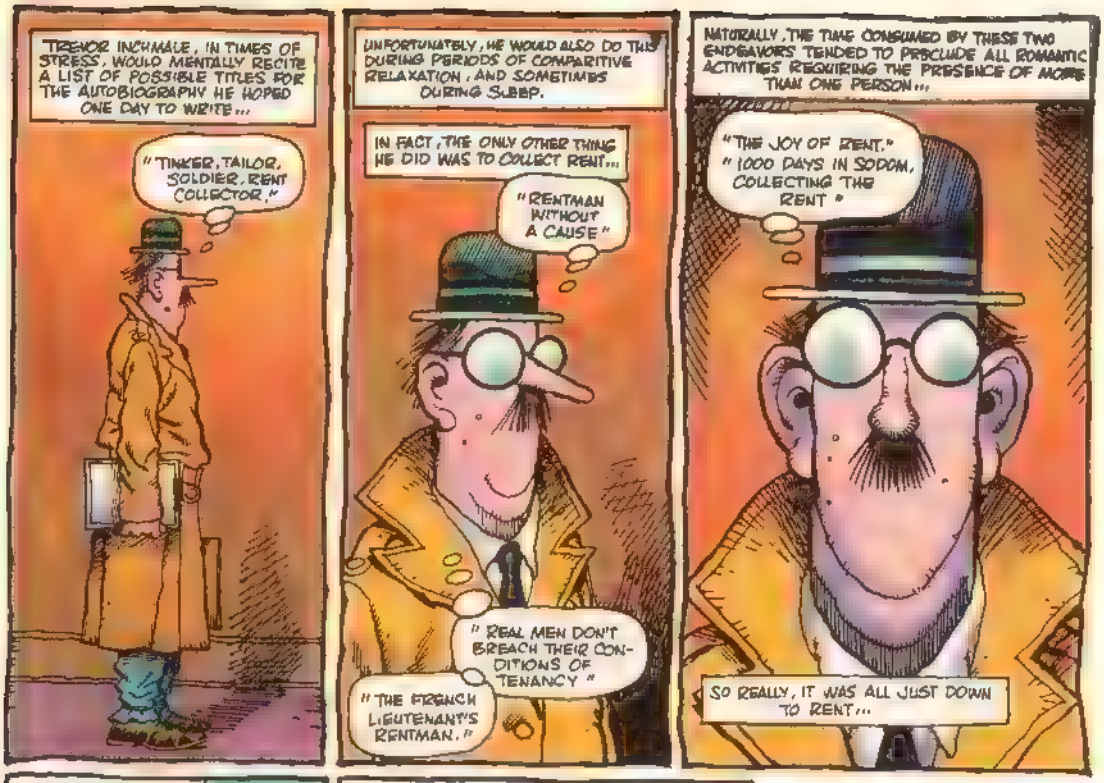
☐ I enclose $8.00 for a complete, 4-issue subscription to *The Miracle Squad*.

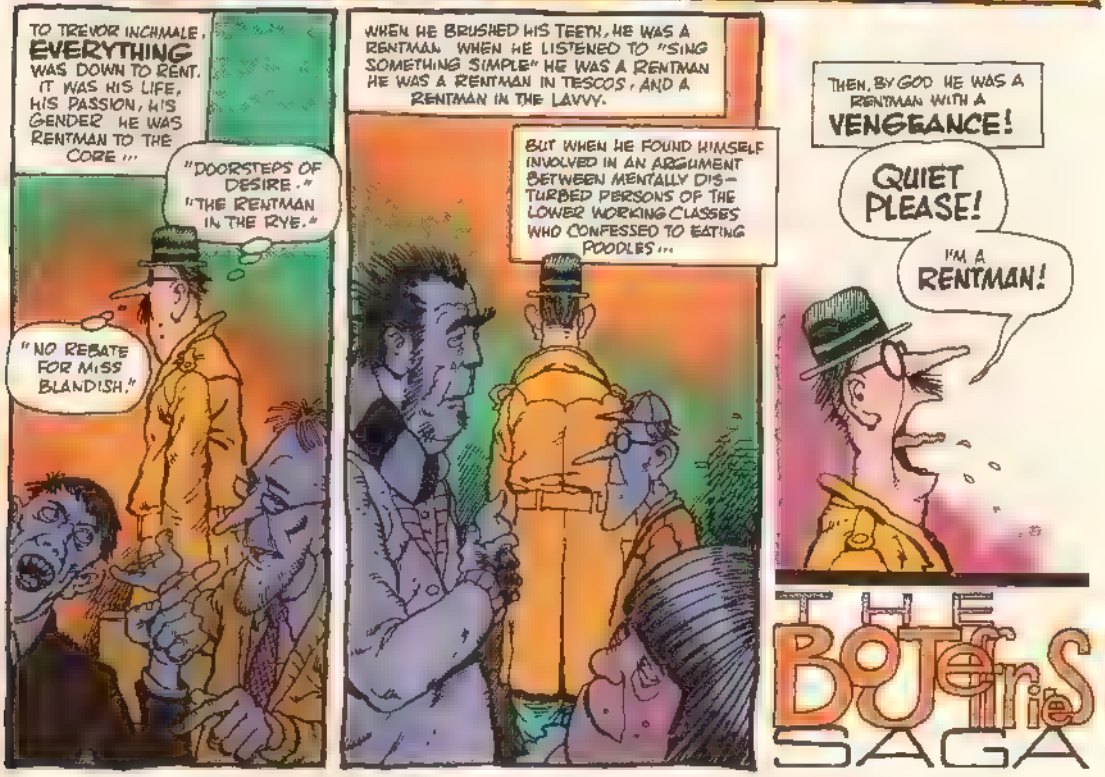
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

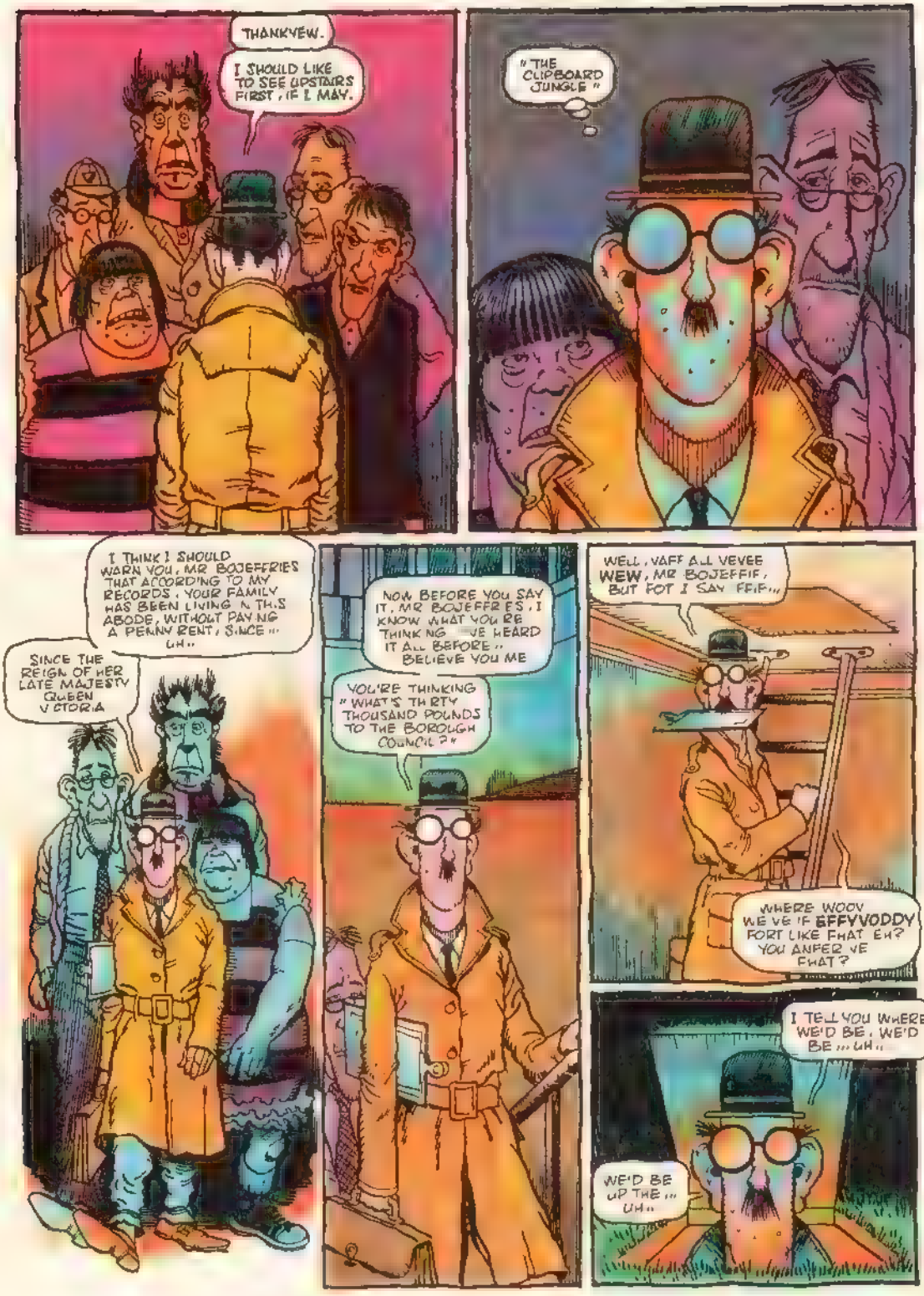
Send to: Fantagraphics Books, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301.


TREVOR INCHMALE, IN TIMES OF STRESS, WOULD MENTALLY RECITE A LIST OF POSSIBLE TITLES FOR THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY HE HOPED ONE DAY TO WRITE...
"TINKER, TAILOR, SOLDIER, RENT COLLECTOR."
UNFORTUNATELY, HE WOULD ALSO DO THIS DURING PERIODS OF COMPARITIVE RELAXATION, AND SOMETIMES DURING SLEEP.
IN FACT, THE ONLY OTHER THING HE DID WAS TO COLLECT RENT...
"RENTMAN WITHOUT A CAUSE"
"REAL MEN DON'T BREACH THEIR CONDITIONS OF TENANCY"
"THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S RENTMAN."
NATURALLY, THE TIME CONSUMED BY THESE TWO ENDEAVORS TENDED TO PRECLUDE ALL ROMANTIC ACTIVITIES REQUIRING THE PRESENCE OF MORE THAN ONE PERSON...
"THE JOY OF RENT."
"1000 DAYS IN SODOM, COLLECTING THE RENT"
SO REALLY, IT WAS ALL JUST DOWN TO RENT...


TO TREVOR INCHMALE, EVERYTHING WAS DOWN TO RENT. IT WAS HIS LIFE, HIS PASSION, HIS GENDER HE WAS RENTMAN TO THE CORE...
"DOORSTEPS OF DESIRE."
"THE RENTMAN IN THE RYE."
"NO REBATE FOR MISS BLANDISH."
WHEN HE BRUSHED HIS TEETH, HE WAS A RENTMAN. WHEN HE LISTENED TO "SING SOMETHING SIMPLE" HE WAS A RENTMAN HE WAS A RENTMAN IN TESCOS, AND A RENTMAN IN THE LAVVY.
BUT WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF INVOLVED IN AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN MENTALLY DISTURBED PERSONS OF THE LOWER WORKING CLASSES WHO CONFESSED TO EATING POODLES...
THEN, BY GOD HE WAS A RENTMAN WITH A VENGEANCE!
QUIET PLEASE!
I'M A RENTMAN!
THE BOJEFRIES SAGA

AN URBAN ROMANCE BY STEVE PARKHOUSE & ALAN MOORE

THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA


THANKYEW.
I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE UPSTAIRS FIRST, IF I MAY.
"THE CLIPBOARD JUNGLE"
I THINK I SHOULD WARN YOU, MR BOJEFFRIES THAT ACCORDING TO MY RECORDS, YOUR FAMILY HAS BEEN LIVING IN THIS ABODE, WITHOUT PAYING A PENNY RENT, SINCE... UH...
SINCE THE REIGN OF HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA
NOW BEFORE YOU SAY IT, MR BOJEFFRIES, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE... BELIEVE YOU ME
YOU'RE THINKING "WHAT'S THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS TO THE BOROUGH COUNCIL?"
WELL, VAFF ALL VEVEE WEW, MR BOJEFFIF, BUT FOT I SAY FFIF...
WHERE WOOV WE VE IF EFFYVODDY FORT LIKE FHAT EH? YOU ANFER VE FHAT?
I TELL YOU WHERE WE'D BE, WE'D BE... UH...
WE'D BE UP THE... UH...

"THE RENT IS A HARSH MISTRESS."
DO YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT A BACK GARDEN UP HERE?
HAR! NO.. BUT IF YOU WHISTLE A FEW BARS THEN I WILL ACCOMPANY YOU ON THE BALALAIKA!
HAR! IT THE WAY I TELL 'EM!
WELL, IT MAY BE A JOKE TO YOU BUT I FOR ONE DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYTHING VERY FUNNY OR CLEVER ABOUT HAVING A BACK GARDEN ON ONE'S ROOF!
IT ISN'T ON THE ROOF
'ANG ON I'LL GET RAOUL TO GO TO THE LANDING WINDOW AND WAVE.
WHERE IS IT, THEN?
IT'S IN THE BACK GARDEN.
LOOK ... IF YOU TURN ROUND YOU CAN SEE OUR HOUSE.
RAOUL? GO TO THE LANDING WINDOW AND WAVE
RIGHTY-HO

THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA

THERE, HE'S WAVING
IT'S ALRIGHT, RAOUL ... YOU CAN STOP WAVING NOW!
UH ...
WELL HERE WE ARE THEN IN THE GARDEN
AND, UH ... HERE WE ARE IN THE GARDEN AND ... UH ...
DAD, UNCLE RAOUL'S STILL WAVING. LOOK
... AND, UH ... AND JUST LOOK AT THE STATE OF IT MR BOJEFFRIES!
JUST LOOK AT IT! SHOCKING!
RAOUL! STOP WAVING!
RAOUL! STOP BLOODY WAVING!!
I MEAN, THERE'S RUBBISH ALL OVER THE HOCKEY. JUST LOOK AT THIS GREENHOUSE, COVERED IN MOULD ...
EH?
LEAVE HIM ALONE! IT'S HIS FORTY WINKS! HE'LL GO BARMY!

WHO WILL?
ERM ... MY FATHER, ACTUALLY. HE LIKES TO HANG AROUND THE GREENHOUSE; WE'D BEST NOT DISTURB HIM.
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE LIKE WHEN THEY'RE IN THE LAST STAGES OF ORGANIC MATTER.
MIS-TERBOJEFFRIES! THIS IS YOUR FATHER THAT YOU'RE DISCUSSING! AN INFIRM OLD MAN FORCED TO DWELL IN AN INSANITARY GREENHOUSE THAT'S PLASTERED IN MULLOCK!
LOOK OUT!! YOU'RE POKING HIM IN THE SINUSES!
STOP WAVING, UNCLE RAOUL!
BY WOT'S COB-LINKS! EXTREAT THY FILLAMERS, DISFERROUS SCABLE!
PROVALE ME NOT, SIR, OR TIS WITH THE NIGHT'S PLUTONIUM SHORTS THAT YOU ARE LAUNDERED!
I'M FROM HEEEEEE, I'M FROM THE HEEEEEEE RENT.
I'M FROM THE RENT.
O, THOU QUOTTLING PILCHARD-LIP! THY PLASM SHALL BE AS PARMESAN IN THE BITTER FONDUE OF RETRIBUTION!
DAD! NO! NOT HIS ATOMIC STRUCTURE! NOT AT YOUR AGE!

THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA

TRANSMOTTLED AND ENGRUTTED SHALT THOU BE! YEA ... AND THRICE THUS!
IT'S NO GOOD TALKING TO HIM ... HE'S SENILE!
GINDA! NOW I WON'T HAVE YOU CALLING YOUR GRANDFATHER...
AND SO BEGONE, CORRODOROUS NELLY-VIPER!
DAD!
ZELIT!
DAD... DAD, WE DON'T NEED ANY MORE GERANIUMS...
HE'S SENILE! I TOLD YOU HE WAS SENILE! EVERYTHING'S GERANIUMS WITH HIM. I'M GOING INDOORS FOR A CUP OF TEA AND A BISCUIT.
HE ISN'T SENILE, MY LOVE ... HE'S JUST A BIT... WELL, Y'KNOW ... OVER-EVOLVED.
HMM... I COULD FANCY A CUP OF TEA AND A BISCUIT MESELF, COME TO THINK.
TTI! LOOK AT BLOODY RAOUL.
AND SO THEY WENT INSIDE FOR A CUP OF TEA...
AND A BISCUIT.
THEY LISTENED TO "TOP OF THE FORM". AND THE GARDEN GREW GRADUALLY SILVER, DURAGLITTED BY MOONLIGHT...
AND, AT FIVE AND TWENTY TO NINE, TREVOR INCHMALE WAS VISITED BY A BREATHTAKING INSIGHT INTO THE MYSTERIES OF HIS EXISTENCE.
I NEVER WANTED TO BE A RENTMAN ANYWAY.
THE End.

NEW DAL T-SHIRT

AVAILABLE ONLY FROM MORSTUF!

Order from: **Morstuf, P.O. Box 334, Agoura, CA 91301**

Dal has a new, no-nonsense attitude... and the new T-shirt from Morstuf shows it!

The crisp white image pops out from a light blue background on jet-black fabric for an effect you have to see to appreciate! 100% heavyweight cotton, of course, for comfort and printing quality. *Very classy!*

Don't wait! Order yours today!

Size	Quantity
S	_____
M	_____
L	_____
XL	_____
TOTAL	_____

Price: $9.95 + $1.50 per shirt for mailing.
California residents add 60¢ per shirt sales tax.
Canadian orders, pay in U.S. funds.
Other foreign orders: $9.95 + $7.50 shipping in U.S. funds.
Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

x $9.95 = _____

6% sales tax (CA orders only) _____

shipping _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Offices located at 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301, Jan & Julie Strnad, Props.

ALAN MOORE & STEVE PARKHOUSE

THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA

Upshot GRAPHICS

PART 2 OF A 4-PART SERIES

$2.00
($2.85 in Canada)